



# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

## LETTER FROM MR. GIDDINGS.

JEFFERSON, Nov. 2, 1857.

To AUGUSTUS GARNET.—*Dear Sir:* I have read the letter which you addressed to me through the Tremont Democratic. I recognize your right, as a friend, freely to express your views; and that it is my duty respectfully to consider them, and so far as they may accord with those entertained by the great body of my constituents, with truth and justice, I shall feel bound to maintain them.

You say you are a German. As such I respect you. I admire the learning, the philosophy of Germany. Many of her sons in past times have nobly stood forth as advocates of reform, and of human progress; and most of those now residents in our country, are sound and efficient promoters of the great reformation progressing in the United States. To them I yield more than respect; I greet them cordially as patriots and philanthropists; yet, my first duties are due to you as men. You are all members of our common brotherhood. Most of you left your native Germany under the impression that you were coming to a land of liberty. When you arrived within a marine league of our shores, you came to view their protection around you, and you felt that you had reached a land of liberty.

You cannot be ignorant of the momentous issue before the people of our nation. You must know that the Republicans hold, that our Constitution was based upon the primal truth, that men of all nations and governments have received from the Creator equal rights to liberty and the safety of their own labor. That the President and the Democratic party deny this doctrine, and insist that outside the States where the Constitution holds exclusive jurisdiction, it protects oppression and slavery. That within our territories, within a marine league of our shores, and in the District of Columbia, men may seize and hold their fellow in bondage, may rob them of their soul, which they gather by toll. You must have known that the late democratic candidate for Governor of this State was a distinguished upholder of these revolting doctrines. Let you say you voted for him. You certainly had the right to do so for him. It was your duty to vote for the man who would carry out your views. But I have a right to demand candor and truth from you, and while you vote for candidates who openly and boldly proclaim their intention, if I am forced to prosecute the power and character of our States to the work of seizing, imprisoning and enslaving their fellow men, you have no moral right to call yourself a lover of freedom, or to proclaim your devotion to the equal rights of man. By such vote you deny the brotherhood of man, and stow the right of men to enslave their fellows.

For years Mr. Cass and Mr. Douglass, and the democratic party of our nation, proclaimed the right of the people of our territories to enslave and brutalize their fellow men. The Supreme Court of the United States has advanced one step further, and flatly deny that self-evident truth that all men are endowed by their Creator with the right of life, in enjoy liberty and happiness; saying that our fathers did not intend to assert that black men held from God the right to live, and to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

The democratic party, instead of striking down these usurpers, tamely echoed their sentiments, and in the State and County Conventions publicly resolved to become the instruments for carrying out this perfidious decision.

But you appear to charge the Republicans of having sided with Know Nothings, and you evidently desire this should be understood as a reason why you voted for Mr. Payne. Of the men who composed that organization, I would say nothing unkind. I know many of them to be honest, and I believe lovers of Justice and Liberty, while others undoubtedly entertain the same ideas which Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Douglass and the democratic party held in regard to Slavery. I never belonged to the orders I have always believed it founded in error. Yet you and every candid man must acknowledge there was much to provoke its organization.

Many ignorant, dissipated, vicious foreigners reside our country. That class is not unfrequently controlled by men ready to prostitute their influence to almost any purpose. I do not mean solely to Catholics, I lay down facts, and assert that any class of men, or any professed religious sect, who holds the principles of judgment and conscience of its members in suspicion is proslavery.

It elevates our race is the appropriate labor of statesmen, philanthropists and Christians. Parents spend their time and property to develop the intellectual ability of their children. For this purpose schools, academies and colleges are established. Teach and missionary societies are formed, and teachers and ministers are employed to enlighten the ignorant, raise up the degraded, reform the vicious, comfort the afflicted, relieve the oppressed, administer to the wants of the needy, and enlighten the intellects of those who dwell in mental darkness.

These efforts constitute the highest and holiest employment of good men. The immature Negro spent his life in this work. It is worthy of His Divine mission. To effect this object the slaves, most of them, are educated, refined and raised to a moral elevation, higher and broader than the sphere of thought in which the minds of those who seek to degrade them, now revolve.

The object of human existence is moral elevation. Man is happy in proportion to the development of his moral nature. If every black person in the universe possessed the learning, and the virtue of Locke or Milton, mankind would be just as much better and happier. Neither you nor I, nor any white man would be less intelligent or less happy.

But there are many black men and many white men, many foreigners and many native born, who are ignorant.

The Republican party would protect all those under the exclusive jurisdiction of Congress or of the free States, in the pursuit of happiness, and in the attainment of knowledge. Our platform goes no farther. I wish it did. I unhesitatingly assert that my own object is not merely to protect them, but to inform, educate, refine and raise them to a moral elevation, higher and broader than the sphere of thought in which the minds of those who seek to degrade them, now revolve.

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## Miscellaneous Summary.

a good anti-slavery Church he was, and that all the children were taught Anti-Slavery every Sunday in the Sabbath school. Still the Methodist Church could not be had for our meetings.

The only hopeless obstacle in the way of the progress of anti-slavery to day, is, that every body is already good anti-slavery." I am just as good anti-slavery as you are, mess us over every hand.

Thursday evening I joined Brown at Loc port village, stopped at the house of the "Liberator man" Mr. Benedict. When traveling in my own case, I always feel that I have found a "home," when I enter the house of a Liberator subscriber.

And what is true of New York is equally so in Pennsylvania and Ohio as far as my experience goes.

At Painesville in the home of the McGrews, we had a cordial welcome. Our Convention was held in the Court House—was not largely attended. The audience were composed mostly of people who had been converted years ago, under the preaching of Stephen and Abby K. Foster, but finding the sacrifices too great, have in a measure returned to their Pro-slaveryism, as are Brown would say "Fallen from grace." Of such, there is little hope—they have deliberately resolved to another conscience—to take the world as it is, and keep themselves in a respectable position in it as best they can. But there are a few glorious exceptions, at least one man who, during all these years has kept himself "pure and unspotted" from the World's Church, and the World's Political Parties.

The Widow and one of the daughters of that devoted friend of the slave, N. P. Rogers, resides at Painesville—and gave "old fashioned anti-slavery" as Mr French termed it, a cordial welcome—it was an inexpressible pleasure to have this opportunity of seeing these relatives of the departed Rogers in their new home.

From Painesville I went to Master, had a large meeting in the Disciples Church, the Rev. Mr. Clegg came to the new of Republicanism doubtless, he thought he saved it. While I quite as confidently believed he had added to its gout,

I enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Clapp, made every necessary arrangement for the meeting, and my comfort and convenience.

Mr. Powell went to Willoughby—but found no native green for a meeting. Mr. Brown at Kirtland had a small audience, and Tuesday we all met at the Bennett House in Cleveland, and such a disappointed company as we found there, and as a continued coming there throughout that day, I never before saw.

But I need not repeat to you, how we all went up to Cleveland to the "Nostrum Convocation" and found it wasn't there.

But one word of that Bennett House, and I will have done. Though Mr. Brown was permitted the rights and privileges of other guests, though Messrs. Remond and Watkins were also treated as men, it was not from any regard for their manhood, but merely that the Clerk, acting for the Progressives, did not wish to part with those in their company, or rather their doings. I have no belief that any reform was wrought in the heart of that house, or that a colored man would to day, be treated any more respectfully, were he to attempt to take a seat at their table, than was Mr. Brown that Tuesday noon. And allow me to assure you, that the Holy shall know that colored people are consistently treated, and granted precisely equal and identical rights and privileges, in that house, before it further recommends it to the patronage of abolitionists.

For Freedom and Equality.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

### KANSAS.

The game of the slavery propagandist ruffians of this country, is about played out in Kansas. Slavery is triumphant over all opposition—The Free State Men with their majority of thousands, their newly elected Legislatures and Congressional delegations, are bound hand and foot and as helpless slaves, given over to the slaveholding masters and the Union with the whole force of its arms, will see to it that their subjugation is perfect.

There is a pretence of submitting, not the Constitution, but the slavery clause of it, to the vote of the people, yet this clause, so submitted may be voted down and yet slavery exist in Kansas.

It does this by perpetuating the laws of the Bogus Legislature.

But the longer Convention did not stop here. It actually constituted a Provisional Government for Kansas, whereas its President, United States Senator John Calhoun, is made Governor, with the power of a Roman dictator. The intention is to rush this Constitution through the Democratic Congress and have State Election under the auspices of the new Provisional Government which will provide the judges, superintend the polls, and count the votes.

That our readers may fully understand the villainy of this movement, we copy from a Kansas correspondent of the Tribune.

LAWRENCE, K. T., Nov. 5, 1857.

A commercial crisis has just swept over the business world. We stand upon the threshold of a political crisis for Kansas. On the very heels of an election, in which they and their allies were routed, the minions of Slavery give up their last effort, the great final struggle. Unconsciously past shrinking from none of the fearful responsibility they assume, a scheme of the boldest and most unscrupulous character stands fully unfolded to the world. It amounts to this: "Handa, I will wait, you lose." Nothing is hazarded—they are snatched from the jaws of victory, and the people are mocked and insulted, where they had a plausible triumph. The reins of power that had legitimately taken are rudely snatched from their grasp. The offspring of the Territorial legislature, while hardly out of the swaddling bands of its political birth, turned round like a human eye to devour its parent. Its birth is not to be a long deferred contingency, waiting like a dull lightning-bolt, but it is now imminent. The Society of Friends, the abolitionists, the anti-slavery party, which recognises no authority save that of God, it defines its powers and character, it will rule, not what it would be, but what it is. It claims the right to exist as a Government independent of the action of the people, in defiance of their expression of their wishes through the ballot-box. It declares in plain terms that whenever the Territorial Legislature is nullified—that is to say, that it is dead. It legalizes all the acts of the so-called Territorial Legislature—the legal legislature. By that means, it establishes Slavery in the Constitution, for those laws in any constitution are part of the Government. It provides that the Federal Government and other Federal officers, are to cease to be what they are after the 21st of December next, or after this mockery of a sub-section, in which the people are to be allowed to decide that certain provisions preventing the action of subsequent Legislatures shall not be a part of the Constitution. But there is not one provision to exclude Slave-crews in the introduction of slavery. It was established in the Constitution. The past territorial law is still incorporated in the Constitution. The bill of rights, or any necessary restriction in this State one. A Bank Director is represented with the same bill of rights as any one else. He is pale, with his hair standing up, and a quilt behind his ear; impudent, for crime." All the rights are guaranteed to "freedom" and to "slaves" alone. The word by is red, and a quilt behind his ear; impudent, for crime." All the rights are guaranteed to "freedom" and to "slaves" alone. The word by is red, and a quilt behind his ear; impudent, for crime."

The Paxton—We have "piano goods"—why there has no provision such as that: "There shall be not 'piano' pictures." Duncanson is painting with the word "piano" in it. A Bank Director is represented with the same bill of rights as any one else. He is pale, with his hair standing up, and a quilt behind his ear; impudent, for crime." All the rights are guaranteed to "freedom" and to "slaves" alone. The word by is red, and a quilt behind his ear; impudent, for crime."

White does not even distinguish who are freedom, a piano girl, attend him.

### SENTENCE OF CRUSA.—Frederick Coates, who shot Oscar D'Granval, at Hoboken, New Jersey, some time ago, and was recently tried and found guilty of manslaughter, has been sentenced to a fine of one thousand dollars and costs. In the "State of Camden and Amboy" the penalty for manslaughter is imprisonment for not less than two, nor more than ten years.

**FIRE AT MT. UNION.**—A fire broke out on Wednesday morning, November 1st, about 2 o'clock, in the building owned by J. B. Nixon, and kept as a hotel. The fire originated in a room occupied as a grocery, by Caleb Johnson. The whole building was consumed, together with the contents. No insurance. An imperfect fire was the cause of the fire. The citizens labored heroically, and saved the stable and shed, which were nearly adjoining the building. A large frame on the opposite side of the street occupied by Dr. Woodruff, caught fire but the flames were extinguished before serious damage was done.

The Cincinnati Pilot Cavalier says that the banks of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio have contracted their circulation to the extent of eight million dollars, since the monetary troubles commenced—a terrible contraction and one which fully explains the scarcity of money, especially when it is remembered that the contraction has been going on everywhere. The country is now doing business for trying to do it with at least fifty millions of dollars less in circulation than there were three years ago.—The Pilot Cavalier expects that the banks will soon resume their paper, but this is an expectation without a basis. Banks are like individuals—they will take care of themselves, and they will not issue paper with the certainty of its coming right back to us.

But more than this, only Territorial law makes, but Territorial ceases to exist.

law-making power is declared to be "null and void" by this ungrateful particle of a government, and all the past acts are destroyed as Territorial laws, and incorporated as part of this Constitution.

Even the "militia" power is thus incorporated, and the judicial authority.

All these are placed secondary to this Constitutional Executive.

He appoints judges of elections, and is in

charge on his fruits. Indeed, after the

Constitution receives the signatures of the delegates, the Pro-Slavery missions may prepare to throw up their hats and cry, "Long live King John!"

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law-making power is declared to be "null and void" by this ungrateful particle of a government, and all the past acts are destroyed as Territorial laws, and incorporated as part of this Constitution.

Even the "militia" power is thus incorporated, and the judicial authority.

All these are placed secondary to this Constitutional Executive.

He appoints judges of elections, and is in

charge on his fruits. Indeed, after the

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# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

## Miscellaneous.

For the Bugle.

## WELCOME AND UNWELCOME GUESTS.

Open wide thy portals now!  
Busy, busy brain;  
Drive the mocking flocks away—  
Gawing care and pain;  
Hate, and bitterness and scorn,  
Of the world's stern conflict born;  
Thoughts thatadden, thoughts that burn,  
Bid them fly and ne'er return.  
With their darkness and dismay;  
Close thy portals, watch and pray  
Till the demons shriek away.

Open again thy portals wide  
Weary, weary brain;  
Gladly, gladly welcome in  
Yon serpentine train;

Hope with looks of golden light,  
Love with smiles serenely bright;  
Poetry with glorious eyes  
Bearing flowers of Paradise;

Bid them be thy guests to-day;  
Close thy portals, watch and pray—  
Let the Angel Band should stray.

C. L. M.

## THE STAR OF LOVE.

The Egyptian story or legend of the young Sheik Houssein, is one of those beautiful bits of Eastern fiction that are well worthy of preservation. We give it entire:

There is a moment in every man's existence on which turns his future destiny. There are many such moments, for oftentimes life hangs on a single thread, and if the thread is not cut, it requires but a touch to change the whole direction of the future. But in every man's life there is at least one, and in that of young Houssein it occurs thus:

It was not often in those days that travelers crossed the great desert. Few Europeans came to Egypt, and fewer still went to Sinal. But there was a time when Houssein was called to Cairo to meet a noble party of western travelers, consisting of a gentleman and two ladies, who were making a pilgrimage to Sinal and the Holy Land, and who wished his protection in crossing the desert. He saw but the gentleman, and readily engaged to perform the desired service.

It was not until this party had left the Birket-Hag that he had met them, where they were encamped by moonlight on the sand that stretches away to Suez. As he sprang from his mare, before the tent door, he was startled by such a vision as he had never before seen, but thought he had dreamed of in his waking dreams.

She was slight, fair, and in the moonlight, pale as a creature in dreams. Was this one of the hours of his failed paradise? There was no spot in all the Heavens of Mohammed fit for an angel like this. Away, like the sand on a whirlwind, like the clouds before the sun, like the stars at daybreak—away swept all his faith in Islam, and in an instant the Sheik Houssein was an idolater worshipping, as a thousand greater than he had done, the beauty of a woman. Perhaps he might have quenched his thirst for the unknown at some other fountain; but this was not enough now. He had found that wherewith to fill the void, and he was content.

Love was a new emotion—a sensation he had never before experienced, and it satisfied him. Did she love him? That was a question which never occurred to him. What did he care for that? His was looking for employment for his own soul, and he had found it; and that was enough.

The tradition goes on to describe his long crossing of the desert—but he lingered among the hills of Sinal, how he led them by Akab and Petra, and detained them many weeks at the city of Housse, how the fair English girl faded away, for she was dying when she came to Egypt; and how weary, well-nigh dead, he carried her to the Holy City, and pitched their tent by the mountain of the Resurrection. And all this time he watched over her with the jealous care of a father or a brother, and the quiet heart of the lady saw it and appreciated it all. And sometimes he would try to break words to tell her of his old belief, and she would read in his bearing sublime promises and glorious hopes that were in a language he knew nothing of, but which he half understood from her uplifted eye and countenance.

How he worshipped that matchless eye! He worshipped nothing else on earth or in Heaven.

It was noon of the night under the walls of Jerusalem; and in the white tent close by the hill, on which the last footstep of the ascending Lord left their halloving tomb, an English girl was waiting his bidding to follow him.

Outside the tent, prone on the ground, lay a group of Bedouins, and apart from them a little way, their chief silent, motionless, to all that was earthly, dead. A low voice within the tent broke the stillness of the night, but he did not move—A voice was uttering again those words, of which the sound had become to him more familiar already, the Christian's prayer.

"Sheik Houssein!"

He sprang to his feet. It was her voice, faint, low, bittersweet. The tent door was thrust aside and a hand motioned to him to enter; he obeyed.

She lay on the cushion, her head lifted somewhat from the pillow by the arms of her sister; her sister who spoke the language of the desert, well stood beside her as the young Sheik approached. His countenance gathered around his head, only his dark eye flashing gloriously was visible. She looked up into it and whispered: "He half understood her before the words came through her sister's lips, as she told him the story of Calvary and Christ, and the cloud that received the King and Savior returning to his throne."

It were vain to say he understood all this. He only knew that she was telling him of her sister; her sister who spoke the language of the desert, well, stood beside her as the young Sheik approached. His countenance gathered around his head, only his dark eye flashing gloriously was visible.

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